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Odes *of*

Odd **M**oments



By
Elizabeth Owen

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Odes of

Odd Moments

153
1738



By
Elizabeth Owen

Danvers, Colorado

PS3529
W2504
1922

To any and all who read and find upon its pages something of value, something that means pleasure or profit, amusement or instruction, do I entrust and dedicate this little volume; glad of its acceptance; grateful for the patronage; appreciative of the indulgence.

E. O.

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INTRODUCTION.

If any little word I say
Can benefit the reader,
I'll speak it readily and frank,
Like seed, abroad I'll scatter.

If any little thought I have
Can somehow help another,
I'll give it freely to the world,
Its message thus I'll offer.

If any little wish I make
Can comfort those who suffer,
I'll make it known in accents clear
And banish doubt forever.

If any little act I do
Can lead to something better,
On yonder height I'll fix my goal
And strive to reach it ever.

If any little good is found
Herein, by those who ponder,
I'll dedicate this volume through
To those who follow after.

If I have said, or thought, or done,
That which I should not utter,
I ask forbearance kindly shown
Alike from friend and stranger.

BUY A BOOK.

If you want to have a friend
Whom you never can offend,
Though you ruthless cast aside
And on others set your pride—

Buy a book.

If a pal you'd like to know
Who'll contented with you go—
Never murmurs or complains
When it snows or if it rains—

Buy a book.

If a chum you'd like to find
That'll refresh your views and mind,
Adding to your strength and power,
Cheer you in a lonesome hour—

Buy a book.

If some good you'd like to do,
Something that will count for two,
And some help you'd like to give
To a struggling soul to live—

Buy my book.

UNSELFISH AND TRUE.

It's good to be famous in culture and art,
To form of the world a conspicuous part,
But far better than honors, I think, don't you?
Is just to be modest, unselfish and true.

It's fine to be counted among the select,
Our names on the list of four-hundred elect,
And well to be gifted with flowery speech,
Stand firm on the heights where the few only reach.

It is pleasant to lead an indolent life,
So care-free and heedless of struggle or strife,
And noble to prosper and win fortune's smile,
Our aims and ambitions succeeding the while.

All these and much more claim attention and thought,
And reek with delusions, so cunningly wrought,
But fail in supplying the need of the soul
Or render assistance in reaching the goal.

Let naught but the standard of duty and right
Appeal for defense to your reason and might;
No better than that would I want, or would you,
For that's surely modest, unselfish and true.

"THE RAINBOW ROUND THE THRONE."

When threatening clouds betoken
 A near impending gale;
When courage almost falters,
 And doubts and fears assail;
With awe, yet firm decision,
 Faith seeks and grasps its own,
And sees beyond the tempest
 The rainbow round the throne.

When earth is in a turmoil,
 Unrest seems to enslave,
Revolt and revolution
 Rocks like a surging wave;
Amid the dire forebodings
 Though doomed to stand alone,
Hope sees beyond the tumult
 The rainbow round the throne.

When pain and weight of sorrow
 Has tried the very soul,
Impenetrable darkness
 That permeates the whole;
With keen anticipation
 Through rifts, where light still shone,
Love sees beyond the suff'ring
 The rainbow round the throne.

IT ISN'T EASY.

It isn't easy, but it pays
 To climb the mountain high,
A clearer vision, wider range
 Greets the observing eye.

It isn't easy, but it pays
 To smile in face of scorn,
Conceal the grief within your heart
 And hide the suff'ring borne.

It isn't easy, but it pays
 To crush the bitter thought,
Forget the little petty ills,
 The sting, and hurt they brought.

It isn't easy, but it pays
 The wrong you've done, admit,
Confess the fault, and openly
 Apologize a bit.

It isn't easy, but it pays
 When all life's work is done,
To have recorded with your name
A finished race, well run.

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT.

It is pleasant to own a vast estate
Without fear of want or of frowning fate,
But revel in luxury, day and night;
Oh! I'd like to be wealthy, but I'd rather be right.

It's fine to possess a superior mind,
Quick in discerning both value and kind,
Correct in its judgment, keen in its sight;
Oh! I'd like to be brilliant, but I'd rather be right.

It's good to be known as you go along
And greeted with cheers by the passing throng,
Your influence helpful, like rays of light ;
Oh ! I'd like to be famous, but I'd rather be right.

It is grand to wisely counsel, and teach,
To sway the masses by eloquent speech,
And utter the thoughts that cheer and delight ;
Oh ! I'd like to be gifted, but I'd rather be right.

It is great to be loved by all you know,
Commanding respect, wherever you go,
Acknowledged a leader of power and might ;
Oh ! I like to be honored, but I'd rather be right.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A NOTED CHURCH.

Oh ! who can sum the total
Of service rendered here,
Tell of the souls uplifted
And strengthened by its cheer ;
Who can produce a record
Of every noble deed,
Of every time that succor
Went out to human need—
In fifty years.

Who can describe the courage
Its members have displayed,
The ceaseless watching, praying,
And working undismayed ;
Tell of the depth of purpose,
The truth for which it stood,
Enumerate the blessings
Or estimate the good—
In fifty years.

Who can depict the shadows
That sometimes blurred the way—
Explain the faith that centered
In hope for better day,
The hope that bore its fruitage
Unyielding to maintain,
And by its zeal and effort
That greater life attain—
In fifty years.

Who can surmise the power
That from its portals went,
The influence it carried
Or measure its extent;
Tell of the lives that triumphed
Beyond our vision gone,
The nameless, countless heroes
That still go on and on—
In fifty years.

Yet somewhere in God's volume
The record doth appear
Of life's unfailing conquests
That crowned each passing year,
And some time in the distance
With hidden things made known,
We'll realize more fully
His care for all His own—
Through fifty years.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Would you choose to live secure from harm,
Within a cave, where nothing can harm,
Apart from a world so full of mirth
With clear blue sky and beautiful earth;
Where music of birds can never reach,

And fields and flowers no lesson teach,
Where the morning dawn and sunset glow
Are things so vague, you never can know?

Would you be content without the light,
Demurely sit enjoying the night,
Happy in selfishness there to dwell
Your life secluded within a shell;
Do you seek a cave and then declare
There's nothing worth getting anywhere,
Effort and beauty and hope are vain,
Nothing of value, naught to attain?

Do you live for self, and wonder why
You see the evil in passing by?
Does the world seem wrong, fraught with despair
And sin apparent everywhere?
Then pause, and question, do I abide
Where truth and justice are wont to guide?
Have I faith in God and trust in man
Doing the very best that I can?

No soul so hopeless, dwarf'd and unstaïd,
As that whose basis on self is laid,
To such a being the world is dark
And life in its worth a question-mark;
Harboring thoughts and visions of gloom
Constantly weaving impending doom,
Would you shun these ills? Then you must gain
In some way, some where a higher plain.

Is there a burden crushing your head
Threatening clouds you anxiously dread;
Somewhere a shadow lurks in the way,
Sometimes a doubt, a fear or dismay;
Is there a cross too heavy to bear,
Some secret sorrow no one can share,

Some hidden cave, where oft you retreat,
Pondering over trials you meet.

Sad heart, would'st thou hear a sweeter strain,
And clearer, better vision obtain,
Then rise and follow the beck'ning light
With steadfast purpose, scaling the height,
Nor faint till you reach yon sunlit crest
And over beyond the hill-slopes rest,
There you can see as never before
The faith of a child restored once more.

Then climb, yes climb to the mountain top,
Weary and struggling, but never stop
Till yonder summit at last you greet;
The mists of Earth beneath your feet,
So high you can touch the peerless blue,
No blighting shadows twixt heav'n and you,
On that height sublime, nothing to fear
Triumphantly stand, for God is near.

TO A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

May the joy of this day continue
Till you reach the twilight of life,
Your hopes and ambitions prove real
With fruitage abundant and rife;
As you journey along may heaven
Its choicest of blessings bestow,
Making richer the world for having
Your influence felt as you go.

Set high your ideal of living,
And no, never a duty shirk,
For always the height of achievement
Is gained by strenuous work;

In sunshine and shadow, may courage
And constancy govern within;
Success is the victor's triumph,
The plucky, not lucky, who win.

AMERICA.

Must we believe in our country so fair
There is grasping and grafting everywhere,
That greed in its power is trying to crush
The weak and the helpless, and they say hush—
I am the one that's licensed to talk—
Before such a king you silently walk.

In palace and hovel throughout our land
The high and the lowly, one law demand,
The rich and the poor must that law obey
For state and nation are under survey,
Hence do everything in the light of day
In a noble, manly, and upright way.

In public or private, don't try to steal,
Concealing the fact and acting genteel;
Don't cover with velvet the ugly claw
Or hide with a smile the craving maw;
Don't soothe with lotions the poisonous sore
Or varnish and polish the rotten core.

Don't wait for instructions, or try to shirk,
For just where you are, is the place to work;
Corruption, no matter where it is found,
Has always a loathesome, ungainly sound;
Then quickly "get busy" and renovate,
Root out the evil, from city and state.

Get honor and fame, get wealth with your might,
Get all that's worth getting, but get it right;
In the battle for good, determine to win,

Desiring the noblest without and within,
Making our country just what it should be—
“The home of the brave, the land of the free!”

When purged of its vice, from center to shore,
And dire oppression is heard of no more;
When banished forever the doers of wrong,
But rising still higher the triumph song;
“Old Glory” will wave with power intense
And lap in its folds a world’s recompense.

AMERICA IN THE WORLD WAR.

Land that we love and proud of its standard,
Forward the cry we exultantly raise,
Long may our flag embellish each fortress,
Crowning with glory and splendor the days;
Waving majestic, spotless, and regal,
Safely enfolding each stripe and each star,
Bearing aloft the hope of the nation,
Emblem of honor in peace and in war.

Hail, Oh! our country, nations are looking
O’er the broad vista, oppression to stem,
Let that reliance be answered in action,
Bringing deliverance to thee and to them;
Onward thy motto, steadfast in purpose,
Lift and protect, set the down-trodden free—
Mighty in valor, fearless in duty,
Truth make thy ruling, and justice thy plea.

Hope that is buoyant, hearts that are loyal,
Firm and unflinching an army of might,
Ready to battle, willing to suffer,
Zealously struggling for freedom and right;

Spurning the thought of evil ambition,
Quashing the semblance of unkindly prate,
Crushing the root that nourishes anger,
Greatness is never the product of hate.

Help us, Oh God! to trust without doubting,
Seeking to follow wherever thou lead,
Help us to know thine infinite goodness,
Fill with thy power imperative need;
Keep in thy mercy from harm and disaster,
Strengthen our effort in doing thy will,
Thy gracious presence grant without ceasing
Be to our country its sole refuge still.

AMERICA'S SONS IN THE WORLD WAR.

The nation bows in sadness
From shore to inland mart,
The fangs of war was clutching
Its very life and heart,
Its sons, our noble manhood,
It ruthless took away,
The builders of tomorrow
The promise of today.

From humble homes they rallied
And stately mansions, too,
Together in the conflict
They strove their best to do,
Not in revengeful spirit,
They marshaled to the fight,
But a desire to hasten
The triumph of the right.

By highest motive governed
Unmoved by clan or creed,
That history might not record
One cruel, hateful deed,

For better far than riches
Or e'en the country's fame,
Is to preserve untarnished
A great immortal name.

Those who returned may justly
Be proud of what they done,
The nation does acknowledge
Its debt to every one;
The fallen, silent heroes,
Adorned with wreath and gem,
In "Honor's roll" they're listed
And we are proud of them.

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Two people on a voyage
On life's uncertain sea,
To man their barge judicious
Together did agree.

For five and twenty summers
No blast came to destroy,
The placid scenes and sailing
And years of constant joy.

With hearts and hopes united
The journey was serene,
Time only served to strengthen
The bond that bound between.

Along the way, true service
Was rendered with delight,
The touch of real kindness
That cheers the gloomy night.

The barge is chartered onward
More pleasure still to get,
Until the years count fifty,
And even farther yet.

Long to the distant future
May happiness attend,
Your lives and labors proving
Successful to the end.

May blessings without number
Be showered on your way,
'Till toil and time is vanquished
In an eternal day.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

With careless air and brow serene
There stood a maiden just sixteen,
In pride she tossed her pretty head
And to herself demurely said:
The man who would my fancy please
Must be a gentleman of ease,
Delight in parties, balls, and such,
Or I won't have him, no, not much.

A little later, blithe and gay
And everything just fixed her way,
I would not pause upon the street
To recognize some men I meet;
The hero I would have, said she,
Must handsome, gallant, noble, be,
If you know such, just send him here,
I'll do the rest, you needn't fear.

Still later on, with some dismay
As if the future to survey,
With tact she plans what to pursue
And views the situation through;
The fellow I would wed, said she,
A clever, manly man must be,
All others do not stand a show
And if they doubt, I'll let them know.

When later hope began to wane
Thus reasoned now the comely dame,
Whoever wins my heart, said she,
Devoted, loving he must be;
His contour may be out of place
And always wear a frowning face,
But he must have a record true
Before the world, and nothing rue.

Now later still, and doomed to wait,
Will someone pity my sad fate,
I'll question not his past, nor care
What future ills I'll have to share,
I care not if his heart is cold,
But then he must have lots of gold,
The more the better it would please
And thus insure a life of ease.

Alas! still later, sad, alone,
She spoke again in undertone,
Bewailing that she set at naught
The suitors who her hand had sought;
Ain't there no one who'd volunteer
A lonely maiden's life to cheer,
His very sight would be a boon
And Oh! he can not come too soon!

The maiden now had reached the place
Of saner years and wisdom's grace,
When from her reverie awoke
Calm, self-possessed 'twas thus she spoke:
Why need the aid of any man
To carry out life's worth-while plan,
Such foolish thoughts I'll set aside
And with myself content reside.

MARGARET AND KATHLEEN.

(Twin Babies.)

I know two little ladies
 Who dwell in sweet content—
And get the finest living
 Though earning not a cent,
They wield a magic power
 Each in the home a queen,
Yet bear no royal titles,
 Just Margaret and Kathleen.

They do not dote on fashions,
 For jewels do not care,
And in the strife and struggle
 For riches do not share;
They do not sigh or worry
 Or moan: "it might have been";
They smile their satisfaction,
 Miss Margaret and Kathleen.

They win appreciation
 And real joy impart,
And make their way unconscious
 To every human heart;
I know you will acknowledge
 You never knew or seen,
Two people more attractive
 Than Margaret and Kathleen.

Anon when years have flitted
 And time its changes wrought,
I trust they will develop
 In noble traits and thought,
Their lives continue happy
 And nothing come between,
That good will be the portion
 Of Margaret and Kathleen.

SUCCESS.

If you desire that happiness
Your efforts recompense,
With care observe the mighty law
Of love and commonsense.

Along the path together grow
The thistle and the rose,
You must decide—to you is left
To choose twixt these and those.

If honest praise you would secure
And loyal friends possess,
In nothing feign, be constant, true,
'Tis highway to success.

OBSERVATIONS OF MR. SEE MORE.

(A Resident of Mars.)

How very funny, I confess
To find myself in such a mess,
While living happily in Mars
Some thoughtless imp removed the bars.

And then, Ah! me, I simply fell
And found I was where Earthies dwell,
A people strange in tongue they be
And many customs queer to see.

They hustle, bustle, move so brisk,
To follow close is quite a risk,
I am in fear and constant dread
Lest I should trip or lose my head.

From every quarter all around
I hear all kinds of funny sound
That makes me quiver thru and thru—
I want to live in Mars, I do.

But then my business is to get
Some knowledge of this curious set,
And instantly I did proceed
To notice every word and deed.

Some glad, some sad, some young, some old,
Some very shy, some very bold,
While discontent was plainly seen,
On many faces here I ween.

Of what they have, they seem to tire
And something different they desire;
When it is cold, they like it hot,
Always want what they have not.

And some, I'm sorry to relate,
Are given to prevaricate,
And when recording what they say
I must explain some other way.

One did declare while waving claw
A jam so great I never saw,
Perturbed I tried to get a share,
Found naught but people everywhere.

Another said in rushing past
Me for a rest, I'm going to fast,
But later with my very eyes
I saw him simply gormandize.

Saw one who sat with lots of twine
All raveled out and cut so fine;
"All kinds of laces," here said he,
It didn't look like lace to me.

Youth came to living-room from yard
And said 'tis raining very hard;
I went to aperture to see
And very soft it seemed to me.

Went to a meeting-house one day
Where Earthies worship, so they say,
And near the entrance there I hid
To note the things they said and did.

They came by one and then in lots
Some long, some short, some tiny tots ;
They sat in line with placid mien
Without reserve or space between.

Some wore much hair, a frizzly top,
And others just a stubble crop,
Some had it wired upon their ball
While others came with none at all.

At certain sign they did arise,
Proceed at once to make a noise,
And when they're done, again sit still
While one alone performs at will.

With many gestures he declaimed
And fearlessly his views proclaimed,
Denounced the wrong, upheld the true,
And told the others what to do.

Some calmly nodded their assent
While ready listening ear they lent,
Some wrapped in thought profound and deep
And some it seemed, came there to sleep.

Much as I cared for this display
I soon decided not to stay ;
To stand was much too hard for me,
And when I sat I couldn't see.

In front methinks put there for show
Were tiny gardens in a row,
And here and there some feathers grew,
Completely shutting off my view.

As I departed from the place
My thoughts I could not well efface ;
There seemed to be some magic spell
And of its power I can not tell.

One day I wandered down the street
Where lots of Earthies always meet,
They moved so rapid to and fro
As though they knew not where t' go.

Some wore a frown, and some a smile,
And some kept grinning all the while ;
Some in their manner seemed to say
You are no count, out of my way !

Some carried brush upon their map
And some with screen-work covered trap ;
Some wore a frock down to their soles
And others up, exposing poles.

Some dressed like bears, some peek-a-boo,
Some hid their hands, and faces too,
And with a stick so queerly bent
Held in the air a little tent.

Saw some so small they couldn't talk
And some poor things who couldn't walk,
Must have committed some great sin
And for that crime were hobbled in.

Saw one fair dame upon the mart
Push living dolly in a cart,
And then another gay, sweet thing
Was towing bow-wow by a string.

One Earthy talking to a friend
Held little tree with curly end,
Another passed in hurry pace
With small Vesuvius on his face.

In shut-in cage some move about
Built upon circles very stout,
They whisk around with wondrous speed
And those who plod they never heed.

Upon one corner saw a man
With sizzle-sizzle in a can;
"Hot tamales here red hot,"
Were all the words he ain't forgot.

Some stood in shop just back of board
And shelves of things they seemed to hoard,
In manner suave they smile and plead
And make folks buy what they don't need.

I sauntered to where many wait
And others came in hurried gait,
They acted like 'twas one great treat,
To nothing do but eat and eat.

On roots and herbs and flesh they feed
And oft display a wanton greed,
When reason say they've had enuff
They still cram down some frozen stuff.

They gulp all kinds of liquids out
Of little molds or tubes or spout,
And then to cork the gap they stand
And put therein a fire-brand.

To recreate an hour or so
To some dark cave in crowds they go,
And gaze at phantom moving hosts
That make no sound and look like ghosts.

The more I see, I long to know
What mysteries surround me so,
For many freaks I daily spied
And more exist I'm satisfied.

Although unfinished is my quest
I am enforced to leave the rest,
Perhaps some day they'll grow to be
Great, wise, and noted just—like me.

DISCONTENT.

The world is full of discontent,
Each one has something to lament,
The choicest gifts and richest store
Seem always at our neighbor's door;
What harmony no doubt would be
If I were you, and you were me.

The poor man shivers in the cold
And covets oft the rich man's gold,
The rich would part with all his wealth
Just for to gain the other's health;
What harmony no doubt would be
If I were you, and you were me.

The lonely sits in silent gloom
And sees the clouds in blackness loom,
In social whirl the other frets
And longs for rest, but never gets;
What harmony no doubt would be
If I were you, and you were me.

A little change would make things right
And remedy all ills in sight,
The jar and jangle now so great
Would vanish from both home and state;
What harmony no doubt would be
If I were you, and you were me.

ALIENS; AMERICANS; CHRISTIANS.

A theme so great, we fail to grasp,
To reason or define,
We must confess we only know
The work is yours and mine;
We hold for them an open door,
Alluring scenes portray,
How can we shirk the debt we owe
If then they come and stay.

These people who have sought and made
America their goal
And henceforth destined to become
A part of our great whole,
Are seeking riches, better homes,
And liberty desire,
And look to us for guide and aid
To gain what they aspire.

Attracted by our Country's fame
They gather to our shore,
With expectations justified;
Each year a million more.
A million lives just such as we
With needs to be supplied,
A million eager hearts that crave
For sympathy applied.

Like ships a-drift in some vast sea
They wander here and there,
Unknown, unheeded by the throng
And no one seems to care;
Temptations rife, like surging waves
Are threatening to destroy,
Engulfing the unwary one
By subtle shrewd decoy.

A million souls for whom Christ died
And whom He seeks to save,
Shall we withhold His gift of love
Ignore the charge He gave;
If unto us the truth, the life
And greater light was given,
Shall we not help them, teach them how
To know the God of Heaven.

The thought, the word, the prayer we make
Is labor not in vain,
When in the light of yonder day
Our deeds are all made plain,
When character shall stand supreme,
When good, not gold shall count,
When night gives way to endless dawn
God's heroes up shall mount.

THANKSGIVING.

Has the year been cloudless and sunny
The days one continuous calm,
Were the hours crowded with pleasure
The moments with sweet summer's balm;
If the past has been teeming with blessings
That came unbidden and free,
And the future is laden with promise
Of still greater bounties for thee?

Give thanks!

Were you from all danger secluded
And happiness waited your call,
Were your efforts amply rewarded
Prosperity crowning them all?
If history never recorded
A passage you'd like to forget,

And into your life came no shadow
No stinging remorse or regret?

Give thanks!

Was failure indelibly written
Wherein you had sought for success,
Mistakes and misfortunes abounding
That left no chance for redress;
If somewhere through torrent and tumult
You saw a faint gleam in the night,
And somehow your soul was illumined,
Inspired by that halo of light?

Give thanks!

Was there sorrow and bitter anguish,
A foe you dreaded to meet,
Are thy hopes and fond ambitions
A wreckage forlorn at thy feet?
If over the trying conditions
You triumph'd in every test,
And if in the final accounting
You can whisper, I did my best—

Give thanks!

GOOD-BYE, SANTA.

Time was when here a tot I stood
So gladly doing what I could
And helped with others, year by year,
To emphasize the Christmas cheer;
Time now decrees I've run the pace
And with the grown-ups must take my place,
Though other work my thoughts will claim,
I'll love these gatherings just the same.

I'm glad that I was taught to be
A speaker at a Christmas tree;

I leave the stage with some regret
But Santa, you'll continue yet,
With heart aglow and righteous pride
To sound the joys of Christmas tide;
In other spheres I seek for fame
But then I'll love you just the same.

And dear old Santa, how I long
Our pleasant friendship to prolong
The parting gift; don't think me bold
A pair of stockings would not hold,
I do not care for toys and blocks
But something in a pair of socks;
Good-bye, dear Santa, keep thy name,
The child's fond idol just the same.

Kind friend, if you would like to know
The reason why I treat you so,
Progression is the watchword still,
Make room for others with a will;
Though tinge of sadness in my heart
I now withdraw from active part,
On memory's tablet carve your name
And love you ever, just the same.

NOBILITY.

What is nobility? Where is it found,
In glittering palace of gold?
Surrounded by luxury, wealth and ease,
Is it there its beauties unfold?
What marks the steps to that glorious height,
Is it reached by consummate plan?
Is it houses and lands and a bank account,
That measures the standard of man?

Nay, banish the thought, and spurn with disdain,
Let conduct and character stand--

As forces unequalled in moulding a life
That satisfies every demand.
A life that aspires for greater, for good
Its effort and aim be the test,
Each action control'd by justice and truth,
Content with no less than the best.

GO ON.

Go on and on, brave willing heart,
Rise yet to higher plain,
Unswerved by ought from duty's path,
With might the right maintain.

Go on and on, endued with power,
And through that power prevail,
With purpose true, unflinching stand,
And hope that cannot fail.

Go on and on, thy labors blessed,
Will each succeeding day
Bring sweetest joy and perfect peace,
To smooth life's rugged way.

Go on and on, a struggling world
Appeals with outstretched hand
For sympathy, for hope and help,
To gain a nobler stand.

Go on and on, with fervent zeal
Directed from above,
Some heart to cheer, some soul to lift,
By words and deeds of love.

Go on and on, in constant trust
'Till yonder goal appears,
A race well run, is victory won,
Why grieve o'er doubts and fears.

Go on, yes on, 'till toil shall cease
And earth has passed away,
Then reap with joy a just reward
In everlasting day.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Full fifty years have vanished
Into the silent past,
Years with blessings laden
And memories that last;
A home that is ideal,
A life that stood the test,
And yielding in its fruitage
The beautiful and best.

Upon this glad occasion
My greetings I convey
And join the host of others
Who honor you this day,
May other days that follow
Abundantly contain
The benefits and bounties,
The charm, and cheer retain.

He who has been thy refuge
And thine unerring guide,
Unfailing will continue,
To shelter and provide;
Will make your lives prove clearer
The truth for which you stood,
By radiating ever
An influence for good.

In the approach of twilight
Be it your lot to know,
Naught but a tranquil evening
And restful sunset glow;

Beyond the things that perish
Your vision penetrate
Into that realm eternal—
And home, within its gate.

APPEAL OF THE MISSION BOX.

I want some Indians, quite a host
And then some whites of which to boast;
Perchance an eagle comes your way,
Secure at once this bird of prey,
And when you get them, snugly place
Within my hold each cunning face,
The work a constant joy will be
And bring its own reward to thee.

THE PRESS.

From sea to sea, to every clan
This great discovery of man,
With rapid strides has made its way
And manifests a potent sway.
How justly won thine honor'd place
Great benefactor of our race,
We hail thee with extended hand
Prime educator of our land.

The peasant in his humble home,
The king upon his gilded throne,
In yonder cottage by the way
And mid palatial's grand display,
The press holds forth with equal pow'r
The hopes and topics of the hour,
A welcom'd friend to each and all
Concretive knowledge at their call.

Within its varied scope abound
The new ; the ancient also found
The work of ages it reveals
And movements of the present seals,
The history of the past unfolds
And record of today it holds,
What rich resources here we find
What priceless boon to human-kind.

Who can esteem the wealth of thought
And deeds of valor nobly wrought ;
Or who can count the endless train
Of noble lives who live again,
Of gallant souls who stirr'd the world
And freedom's banner held unfurl'd,
Acquired at such tremendous cost—
Save for the press, all would be lost.

What stores of treasures it contains,
And depth of wisdom it maintains,
No other medium can compete
No other medium so replete ;
It reaches nations in its might
And fills the world with radiant light ;
Progression by it is enhanced
And civic, moral life advanced.

Oh ! haste the day when o'er the land
The press in unison shall stand,
And its distinctive voice be heard
In no uncertain sounding word,
To aid the right, defend the just,
Prove worthy of the people's trust,
Its credence by true merit gain
Its standard on still higher plain.

A PASTOR'S RETURN.

After such a long vacation,
Needed rest and recreation,
We now hail thee with ovation;
Welcome, welcome home.

Gladly view the situation
Thankful for the kind protection
And the pleasant recollection;
Welcome, welcome home.

Here is still the main attraction
And the object of affection,
Still we need your strict attention;
Welcome, welcome home.

Better place in all creation,
Greater work our one ambition
And united in construction;
Welcome, welcome home.

Concentrated in our action
We'll withstand all opposition,
And maintain our trite position;
Welcome, welcome home.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

To find who is our neighbor
 'Tis useless to consult,
 The role of casts, and colors,
 To get the right result;
You can not count in numbers
 Nor of their value tell,
You can't locate by figures
 The place wherein they dwell.

It is not class nor station
 Displayed by dearth, or show,
That proves the true condition
 Determines what we owe;
But something higher, better
 That moves the soul within,
That binds us all together,
 And "makes the world akin".

It's wrong to keep referring
 To any old-time scrap,
And bad to be consulting
 The calendar or map;
For neither time nor distance
 And neither creed nor clan,
Makes up in sum and substance
 "The Brotherhood of Man."

Our neighbor is whoever
 By trouble prostrate laid,
Whose shackles we can sever
 By giving needed aid;
Whose burdens we can lighten
 By serving the depressed,
Whose pathway we can brighten
 By sympathy expressed.

THINGS YOU CAN AND CAN'T BUY.

You can buy a farm and forest,
 Or a fertile garden spot,
You can buy a place of business,
 You can buy a house and lot;
You can buy the costliest fixtures
 To adorn from ground to dome,
You can buy the grandest paintings,
 But you can not buy a home.

You can buy the masterpieces
 Writ in story and in song,
You can buy the works of wisdom
 To instruct and help along;
You can buy historic volumes
 At a little slight expense,
You can buy the books of learning,
 But you can't buy commonsense.

You can buy a fine equipment
 To indulge in pleasure more,
You can buy the flashing jewels
 Over at the corner store;
You can buy the modish garments
 In which fashion doth delight,
You can buy the latest fiction,
 But you can't buy truth, and right.

You can buy a railroad ticket
 For a long, extended trip,
You can buy accommodations
 On the biggest sailing ship;
You can buy the market's choicest,
 To supply your daily mess,
You can buy the best that's selling,
 But you can't buy happiness.

You can buy imported china
 To display at your command,
You can buy the finest silver
 That the dealer has on hand;
You can buy the richest carvings
 That your mind can apprehend,
You can buy the sweetest flowers,
 But you can not buy a friend.

THE CONTRAST.

I love to see the contrast
 In nature all around,
I love to stop and listen
 To every varied sound.

The springtime in its beauty
 And wealth of growing things,
And then the frost-tinged colors
 That autumn always brings.

The summer in its fullness
 Of ripened fruit and corn,
The winter bleak and barren
 And all the verdure shorn.

The mountains' rocky surface
 The fertile vale and plain,
The massive, lofty forest
 And fields of golden grain.

The grass a fluffy carpet
 Of countless tiny blades,
The flower a blooming wonder
 Of coloring and shades.

The sky a panorama
 Too dazzling for the eyes,
And ever changing grandeur
 That's teeming with surprise.

The hum and busy buzzing
 That comes from hidden nook,
The rustle of the pine-boughs,
 The murmur of the brook.

The robin in the branches
The cricket on the lawn,
Each has its gift and message
In evening and at dawn.

The cackle in the barn-yard
The wild-fowl up above,
The frog-pond in the distance
And then the cooing dove.

The quacking of the ducklings,
The crow-bird loud and shrill,
The chatter of the sparrow
And slinking whip-poor-will.

All tell in accents certain
Of a Creator's care,
And glorify together
His presence everywhere.

THE PESSIMIST.

The pessimist declareth
The whole world's going wrong,
Beneath the weight of evil
'Twill sure collapse ere long;
He always knows that nothing
That's good can long endure,
Sees swift and sure destruction
To everything that's pure.

The pessimist keeps doubting
Like some untutored elf,
Until he thinks he's perfect
And honest with himself;
He thinks it only folly
And useless waste to strive
In teaching truth and justice,
It never can survive.

The pessimist discovers
 A net-work to ensnare,
Some thorns on all the bushes
 And poison everywhere;
He sees the muddy surface,
 Finds germs in every stream,
Locates the dread baccilli
 In every bright sunbeam:

The pessimist sees nothing
 Nowhere to make him glad;
To him in sweetest music
 The notes are always sad;
He's filled with dire forebodings,
 Paints everything in black,
And never lets the sunshine
 Come through upon his track.

The pessimist can never
 See anything quite right,
He looks through murky glasses
 That dulls the sense and sight;
He always has some grievance
 Because his morbid mind
Excludes the joy of being
 Just, tolerant and kind.

If all were pessimistic
 The world would soon become
Unfit for human beings,
 A place of sordid glum;
The reverence and gladness
 Would quickly disappear,
And only death and darkness
 Be found upon our sphere.

THE OPTIMIST.

The optimist is happy
And wears upon his face
A smile that is contagious
In every clime and place;
He revels in the beauty
Of nature and of art,
Delights in always having
In life an active part.

The optimist is never
Alarmed about his fate,
And never broods o'er perils
His dreamy brain creates;
He never stops to ponder
The if and "might have been",
But thinks the world the grandest
And best he's ever seen.

The optimist ne'er whimpers
About the snow and rain,
And sees no real reason
To worry or complain;
He goes about his business
With a contented air,
And says, if someone murmurs,
Tomorrow will be fair.

The optimist sees something
Of good in every one,
Discovers in their record
Some worthy act they've done;
He never talks of pitfalls
And dangers they are in,
But helps them in the battle
To fight it out and win.

The optimist ne'er troubles
 O'er past unpleasant things,
Or possible disasters
 The morrow mayhap brings ;
He sees distinct and clearly
 Above the peerless blue,
And when the clouds are thickest
 Sees sunshine peeping through.

If all were optimistic,
 Made most of what's their lot,
How much of earth's misfortunes
 Would soon become forgot ;
'Twould help in the fulfillment
 Of prophesies of old,
And speed the glorious reigning
 Of peace so long foretold.

FALLEN LEAVES.

The sturdy oak, king of the wood,
Majestic, grand, defiant stood,
Its massive branches tow'ring high
Resplendent 'neath the summer sky,
Its matchless robe of green at length—
Bespeaking beauty, life and strength,
Such stately grandeur crowns the whole
That moves the heart, and stirs the soul.

I came again and sought the place
The scene to scan, the picture trace.
But lo ! a blast of winter's morn
Had touch'd that tree, its beauty shorn ;
Upon the ground, faded and dead
And under-foot so thoughtless tread,
Were leaves, the leaves that kiss'd the sky,
In form and hue art could not vie.

I mused in silence on the scene,
I mused as one in fitful dream;
My heart was sad, but e're I turned
Is there no lesson to be learned?
Is there no thought to aid the soul,
That strives to reach a higher goal?
And from this vision as I woke,
The tree look'd down, and thus it spoke:

Those leaves so wondrous, deftly made,
And in the breezes gently sway'd,
Whose beauty caught the vigil eye
And held in awe each passer-by;
Those scatter'd on the earth below
Enrich the soil wherein I grow,
From this profusion and decay
Will spring new life some future day.

Alas! how true of human life,
This surging, changing, constant strife;
How oft the plans so well contrived
And castles fair by time destroyed;
The morrow that should pleasure bring
Produced instead the keenest sting.
Ambitions thwarted, hope and trust,
Alike have crumbled into dust.

How many times the promis'd joy,
Was found to harbor much alloy,
How many failures marked the way
How many errors made each day;
Oh! happy they who conquering stand,
Compel these ills yield to command,
And from this wreck defeat and pain
A higher, nobler life attain.

DEAR PARENTS REST.

Dear parents rest, the journey's o'er,
Earth's tears and toils are thine no more,
Through faith I see beyond death's gloom
An incorrupt eternal bloom.

Dear parents rest, thy work is done,
Life's battle fought and victory won,
No more to weep, no cross to bear,
With Christ above, a crown you wear.

Dear parents rest, the Master's voice
Who called you home, bids you rejoice,
And with that great unnumbered throng,
Join in His praise in one grand song.

TO A "SHUT-IN."

Fond friend I wonder if to thee
The hours seem long, and life has woes;
Hedged in, too oft we fail to see
That on the hedge there blooms a rose.

Brave heart and true, I know, I feel
A love like thine has power to stand;
No cross, or test, can but reveal,
Thy strength and safety in God's hand.

Though sorely tried, and light is dim,
Without a doubt, fear or dismay,
Thou can'st in darkness trust in Him
Who gilds the clouds and speeds the day.

AN HONORED HERO.

'Neath the shadow of the forest
 Bloomed a flower in beauty rare,
Erstwhile hidden was its value,
 And the world was unaware,
Modest, quiet, unassuming
 In simplicity it grew
'Till one day a chance occurrence
 Brought its loveliness to view.

Thus the hero's great distinction
 Came to notice all apace,
And we found among the many
 He had won a noted place ;
Onward still to greater honors
 We would cheer thine unsought fame—
Ever seeking to establish
 Firm and blameless a good name.

While the public stands admiring,
 While applauded by the throng,
Let thy motto be, not laurels,
 Vain and frail, that fade e're long,
But a nobler, higher standard,
 That of life whose virtues shine
Ever with increasing splendor,
 Thy whole being to enshrine.

Every gift and all endowments
 Nature has bestowed on thee,
And the praise that comes unbidden
 Surely must alluring be ;
Make it count for lofty purpose,
 Prove you're equal to the test.
And content with no less motive
 Than the doing of your best.

YOUTH.

Your childhood days of ceaseless mirth,
Of sunshine without storm,
Were swiftly spent and disappeared
Like dew in early morn.

'Tis youth and strength that offer now
An ever wid'ning field
To form a character that will
A future influence yield.

As time rolls on and you awake
To life's more arduous spheres,
Its realistic work and worth,
Its hopes, its joys, its tears.

See that that life be ever marked
By deeds and words of love,
And guarded, guided always by
The light that leads above.

'Tis not long years, or wealth of gold
That makes life great and grand,
But nobler purpose stayed by truth,
A perfect God's demand.

Then count the hours, each duty grasp
With ardor more and more,
And reap with joy your just reward
On yonder distant shore.

A LITTLE MAID.

A little maid with habits staid
On business bent and quite content,
I'm glad said she, that I am free
Controlling still my wish and will;

Life did not seem an idle dream
Which fancy wove in quiet cove,
Or flow'ry dell where lovers dwell,
But constant aim, the top to gain.

This little maid with habits staid
Found joy in work nor tried to shirk,
But did each day what came her way,
And merely asked for strength for task,
So she could live her best to give;
Her toil though hard, brought rich reward,
For in her heart she won the part
Of gaining might by doing right.

A LOST HAMMER.

Oh! have you seen
Here, there, between,
 That little hammer.
By some shrewd trick
Or magic slick
Please find it quick,
 That little hammer.

I much regret
It's missing yet,
 That little hammer.
This very day
Without delay
Restore, I pray,
 That little hammer.

Lo! buried deep
I'll let it sleep,
 That little hammer.

No more 'twill mock
Or cause a shock
By cruel knock,
That little hammer.

Well understood
It's gone for good,
That little hammer.
It's hurt forget
And ne'er regret
'Tis missing yet,
That little hammer.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Some greet their friends and kinfolk,
Revere for kindness shown,
But here's hello from someone
Who registers unknown;
Upon thy pathway ever
May light profusely fall,
And make each year the brightest,
Each birthday best of all.

YOUTHFUL SORROWS.

In summing up the trying griefs,
Reviewing hopes and wishes,
I find there's nothing quite so hard
In life as washing dishes.

When playing marbles in the street
And adding to my riches,
A voice comes floating on the breeze,
"Come in and wash the dishes".

When weary with the daily tasks
I close my tired lashes,
Some one who ought to do it, says,
"Wake up and wash the dishes".

I just wish folks wouldn't eat,
And only drink like fishes,
'Twould save me such a lot of work
And need of washing dishes.

Some day when I am older grown
I'll tear away these meshes
That hold me back; leave someone else
The job of washing dishes.

CASTLES.

There's pleasure in building air-castles
Though we know they can not exist;
Perfect joy in blowing air-bubbles
That burst into vanishing mist.

BON-VOYAGE TO A FRIEND.

With feelings commingled
We gather tonight,
Expressions of sorrow
But more of delight;
We dread the departing
E'en though for a while,
Of one whose glad greeting
Is hand-clasp and smile.

And while we mourn deeply
Your going away,
There's solace in thinking
You never can stay;

We know you'll make merry
And have a fine trip,
But then you'll return with—
Perhaps the first ship.

We hail the good fortune
That smiles on thee now,
And come with fresh laurels
Bedecking thy brow,
And wish you much pleasure
On land and on sea,
Rejoice at the prospects
In waiting for thee.

Why crossing the ocean,
What going to find?
Perhaps he's not anxious
To tell his whole mind;
Is there in that home-land
A magnet so strong—
The truth in its sequel
We'll learn before long.

Why braving such dangers
When right here at hand
Are treasures in plenty
To fill all demand;
It's useless to murmur
Bewailing the fate,
Or offer suggestions
I fear it's too late.

It may be a journey
Of searching for health,
It may be an effort
In getting great wealth;

Don't question too closely
The object in view,
He may not be ready
Just now to tell you.

Don't seek explanation
Of whither he goes,
Don't think it your business
To know all he knows;
Don't try him with artful
And cunning appeal,
It may be a secret
He dare not reveal.

We trust no dark shadows
Shall lurk in the way,
And hope to re-welcome
On some future day;
When tired of Britain
We'll hail thee once more,
Returning to tarry
On America's shore.

DID YOU EVER.

Did you ever sit and listen
To the dropping of the rain,
Did you ever see the sparkling
Little gems on window pane,
Did you ever hear the thunder,
Did you see the lightning flash,
Did you see the torrent falling,
Did you hear the water splash;
Did you see the clouds receding
And disclosing heaven's blue,
Did you see the rainbow forming
In its curves of matchless hue?

Did you ever in the springtime
See the bursting of the earth,
Did you see the seedlings sprouting
As the sunshine gave them birth;
Did you ever hear the music
Of the tuneful birds and bees,
Did you ever hear the whispers
In the melody of trees?

Did you ever see the dewdrop
Glisten in the morning light,
Did you ever see the blossom
When its petals close at night;
Did you ever learn the secrets
Of the forest and the vale,
Did you ever climb the mountain
Where all other objects pale?

Did you ever see the sunrise
As it tints the eastern sky,
Did you ever see the glory
As it upward mounts on high;
Did you ever see it sinking
As the shades of evening fall,
Did you see the changing beauty
And the splendor of it all?

Did you ever talk with nature,
Have you ever read her book,
Did you ever solve the wonders
Of the little dell and brook;
Did you ever pause and study
Things not understood as yet,
Did you labor in acquiring
All the knowledge you could get?

If you did, then you're possessing
That which nothing can destroy;
One of life's divinest blessings
Is the power to enjoy.

TRYING THINGS.

It's trying when you've wrestled
And worked with plans and things,
To suddenly discover
Your hopes have taken wings;
To find your castle fallen
With dismal, awful crash,
The wreckage though appealing
Is just a heap of trash;
And then to see some fellow
Whose conscious of your woe,
Stand by in heedless manner
And say, "I told you so"!

It's trying when you're worried
Because of some mistake,
That brought about disaster
And sorrow in its wake,
That took away your courage
And made the world seem wrong,
That stinted your ambition
And changed to wail your song;
Then have your trusty partner,
Or friend whom you have known,
Declare in frosty accents,
"The fault is all your own".

It's trying to be hampered
By some unhappy fate,
To change and help conditions,
You find it's far too late,

Though not contented fully
Or liking what you've got,
Accept in modest silence
What seems to be your lot;
And then have someone heartless
Commenting on your plight,
Express no fellow feeling
But say, "it serves you right"!

PLEASANT THINGS.

It's pleasant to remember
The care and pains you took,
To write each letter perfect
Upon your copy-book;
And when the page is finished
And pen is laid aside
You wondered if the effort
Would sink, or swell your pride;
And then have him whose business
It is, the work inspect,
Write plainly at the bottom
The simple word, "correct".

It's pleasant when you've labored
And tried your best to serve
To utmost satisfaction
The firm, as they deserve;
And yet you're somewhat fearful
Lest you have failed to fill
The lucrative position
Held open for you still;
Then see the "boss" approaching
And with a word of praise
Add to his kind expression,
"You're worthy of a raise".

It's pleasant when you've struggled
And strove to win the race,
And in the world endeavored
To find and fill your place ;
And when you sometimes question
The outcome of the whole
And wonder how, if ever,
You reached and helped a soul ;
Then have some kindly neighbor
Who knows you by your name,
Step in with friendly greeting
And say, "you've won your fame".

KEEP BUSY.

If you want to be successful,
Keep busy,
And abhor the name o' slothful
Keep busy ;
If you hate a frothy bubble,
Want your interests to double
And avoid a lot of trouble,
Keep busy.

If you want to be respected,
Keep busy,
As efficient help regarded,
Keep busy ;
If you want to gain distinction,
Wish to win appreciation
In the noble field of action,
Keep busy.

If you want to shun the morbid,
Keep busy,
And desire to quash the sordid,
Keep busy ;

If you wish to banish sadness,
Brighten up the gloomy darkness,
Fill your heart with real gladness,
Keep busy.

SOMETIME, SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE.

Sometime the fears that trouble
And doubts that mystify,
Will fade and be supplanted
By hopes that never die.

Sometime the mists that gather
Between us and the blue,
Will disappear together
And vanish like the dew.

Sometime the broken-hearted
And weary with the heat,
Will find relief and shelter
Within a safe retreat.

Somehow the disappointments
And things not understood,
In some mysterious manner
Are working for our good.

Somehow the threads of anguish
That seemed to tie us down,
Will be preserved and woven
Into a fadeless crown.

Somehow the pain we suffered
The bowing 'neath the rod,
Revealed the deeper nature
And brought us nearer God.

Somewhere beyond our vision
The friends we loved and lost,

Have been rewarded amply
For all the toil and cost.

Somewhere when all is finished
The flowing tears will cease,
The soul be filled with gladness,
With love and endless peace.

Somewhere when sun is setting,
Setting to rise no more,
There'll be a host triumphant
Upon that other shore.

With all the chapters written
And book of life is sealed,
'Twill be but the beginning
Of wonders unrevealed.

PRESENTATION OF TUB AND WASHBOARD.

The old and only stood the test,
For many generations.
Of all machines it is the best
With proper undulations.

These articles you can't forgo,
For any late invention,
And if you think it is not so,
Please make investigation.

Reliable and useful both
Yet simple in construction.
To run it with success I quoth
Requires no education.

'Twill bring results if you conform
To certain regulations,
And then continue to perform
Repeated operations.

The way it works is "out of sight",
Exceeds all expectations,
For elbow grease and Water White,
Makes wondrous transformations.

Accept this gift and when you rub
Remember our devotion
And ever may this little tub,
Bespeak our great affection.

And ne'er forget how it will work,
With careful demonstration,
Successful if you do not shirk
Its skilled manipulation.

A WISH.

That life may have much that is pleasant
And little of that which is sad,
That yours hold the beautiful record
Of making some other hearts glad.

That time only serves to make real
The multiple hopes of the hour,
That joy and success be your portion,
Increasing your strength and your power.

Seeking constantly faith and courage
The things that will lift and sustain,
That scatters the fears and repinings,
And only the good can remain.

And e'en though you sometimes may falter
And mists are obscuring the way,
You behold in the dreamy twilight
The dawning of a "perfect day".

That all of us profit by being
Of service to someone in need,
That all of us get while we're living,
A trophy for some noble deed.

"OUR PARSON."

(Just resigned.)

With quivering lips and trembling hand
Before this august group I stand:
A subject so profound and deep
That I'd prefer in silence keep.

"Our Parson", what am I to say,
He's listening every word to weigh,
I'd like to make my meaning clear,
I'd tell you lots, if he weren't here.

Might make him vain, if you and I
Would tell him how we long to try
To make him feel he's just the best
We ever knew in East or West.

A manly man, "Our Parson" is,
The kind we need in a world like this.
The kind that's worthy of our trust
The kind that lifts us from the dust.

He thinks the world is not so bad.
Finds in it much to make him glad;
He sees the beautiful and true,
And tries to plant that thought in you.

When in a crowd he cannot hide,
For he grew up instead of wide;
Of perfect poise and stately mein,
He greets you with a smile serene.

A smile that's real regal brand,
That operates upon the hand
With kindly grasp, and word of cheer
That makes the shadows disappear.

If you've a social for to git,
With willing hand and ready wit
He's there to boost the thing along,
The glum make gay, the timid strong.

Sans dignity and nothing loth,
"Hail fellow met", this man of cloth,
Enjoying lemonade or punch,
The biggest kid in all the bunch.

He's earnest when about his work,
And never yet learned how to shirk.
He's going somewhere when he walks,
And saying something when he talks.

He loathes the least pretense to sham,
And in his soul he hateth kam.
Denounces wrong in fearless tone,
Yet stoops to lift the fallen one.

But if you want to know him through,
Just seat yourself in yonder pew.
Behold him on the rostrum near,
Unselfish, noble and sincere.

Read in his face in deepest thought
The message that his soul has wrought.
You feel it, know it, and he wins
Your very heart 'ere he begins.

With choicest words and fluent speech
He aims the listening ear to reach.
Proclaims in no uncertain sound,
Where truth and hope and life is found.

And now when shadows cross the sky,
We will not, can not, say good-bye.
And though releas'd to roam at will
We somehow claim "Our Parson" still.

Our hearts go with him to and fro,
And follow him where 'er he go,
And loyally, sincerely say,
God bless him, guide him on his way.

WINTER.

When winter puts its label
 Upon the things that grow,
And locks the earth in prison
 Beneath a weight of snow;
It's very satisfying
 To see upon the screen
Stand out in vivid contrast
 A bit of evergreen.

When souls are crushed with sorrow
 That seem too great to bear,
And life's profoundest longings
 Have vanished in despair,—
It's pleasing and inspiring
 To see, wrought by the test,
A nobler, greater being
 And growth of what is best.

OUR DEPARTED.

Not dead but gone beyond the veil
 Still in God's care,
We do not doubt, because we fail
 To see them there;

Oh, why could those so loved and true
Not live always,
To help and comfort those they knew
Throughout the days

The friends that faltered not in need,
Nor counted lost
The sacrifice, the time, the deed,
What'er the cost;
We knew it well, we feel it still
The touch that lifts,
The nameless something that could thrill—
In clouds make rifts.

Exemplified in life, in death
The works that told,
Something that did with every breath
God's truth unfold;
Great, noble host in living thus
We see a test,
And beck'ning light inspiring us,
To do our best.

The soul transformed, no grief they wear
Upon their brow,
The image of their Lord they bear
We know not how;
Silent in death, but yet they live
We know not where,
The Master peaceful rest doth give
Still in God's care.

DILIGENCE.

The diligent never questions
What others may think or say,
But does what in his opinion
Brings the best results and pay.

A word that is kindly spoken
Is never uttered in vain,
A heart that delights in serving
Has little of which to complain.

A mind that is always active
Can never become morose,
A life that is full of vigor
Finds work a real repose.

A QUESTION.

If you think the world just happened,
By accident came to be,
Please answer a simple question
That seemeth to baffle me ;
Who put the curve in the rainbow
And paints the blush on the rose ?
Who scented the apple blossom,
And flavors the fruit that grows ?

If you say the earth existeth
Merely as matter of chance,
Kindly lend some information,
My humble views to advance ;
Who is it controls the seasons
And sends the dew and the rain ?
Who spreads a beautiful canvas
Of green over hill and plain ?

If you know that man is something
Evolved from inanimate things,
Please tell why he's not contented
With what evolution brings ;
Who planted within his bosom
A searching desire to fill
The hope of immortal awakening
And life in eternity still ?

DON'T WAIT.

Don't wait 'till summer is ended
To plant your garden seeds,
Nor expect the tender sproutlings
To kill pernicious weeds.

Don't wait 'till the storms of winter
To build you a cozy nest,
Or delay the work of finding
A place where you can rest.

Don't wait 'till the day is vanished,
And earth puts on her mask,
Before you awake to action
And enter on your task.

Don't wait 'till the years are squandered
To mend your idle ways,
Or tarry 'till life is waning
E'er you improve the days.

Don't wait for an introduction
If there's a chance to lend
Some aid to those who suffer
And comfort to extend.

DON'T HASTE.

Don't haste to speak when you're angry,
Stop a moment and think,
You're facing possible danger
On a slippery brink.

Don't haste to exploit a failure
Or point to a mistake,
Perhaps under like conditions
It's just what you would make.

Don't haste in quizzing your neighbor
About his private cares,
He may be able to manage
Quite well his own affairs.

Don't haste if you feel offended
To flaunt and fix the blame,
For sometimes the other fellow
Has feelings just the same.

Don't haste in a flagrant manner
Yourself to advertise,
The public will soon determine
Your worth, and weight, and size.

RECEPTION TO PASTOR AND BRIDE.
(The marriage a surprise to the congregation.)

Some years ago we brought to town
An Easterner of no renown.
He settled without scene or shout,
A tender-foot without a doubt.
But then we bore it, knowing well
He would develop in a spell.
And by and by how proud we'd be
Of his achievements, you and me.

Believed he'd always stay the same
Unchanged, except in wealth and fame;
Protected well on every side
And work, to keep him occupied.
We rested calmly without fear
And never thought of danger near;
We might have helped him, don't you see,
Had we but known it, you and me.

We somehow failed to realize
That he looked good to many eyes;

Who sought by divers means to catch
While we neglected keeping watch.
Who ever thought a fireless dart
Could penetrate our Pastor's heart;
So strange a thing could never be
Without our knowledge, you and me.

Of course we fear'd he might become
Entangled in the wiles of some
Fair damsel who espied a chance
To cast a flirty, knowing glance,
Or find that listed was his name,
Among the victims of the game.
But then we thought he'd surely see
That we were warned, both you and me.

But cupid is a sly old boy,
And chang'd his methods of decoy.
Without a murmur of his plan
He left behind the "also ran";
Kept us in ignorance so blunt
And glibly work'd his little stunt.
He might have giv'n, if 'twas to be,
A little hint, to you and me.

Our only solace is the fact
That few indeed possess the tact
And wisdom to avoid the knave
Who makes the strong a willing slave.
He lays his little sure-foot snare
To trip the heedless unaware.
If we but knew it, don't you see,
We'd fix Sir Cupid, you and me.

But now they've played a shabby trick
That did just make us awful sick.
If they determined were to wed
In confidence they should have said

We're going on a little lark
To matrimonial shores embark.
The shock you know could never be
So terrible to you and me.

I do believe upon my life
That Mr. Twinkle and his wife
Think they did something real smart
And cunning, when they play'd the part
Of innocence. Oh, don't you know
It's fun to fool the people so,
And keep the secret to agree,
Without consulting you and me.

The bride seems tickled through and through,
The Parson seems quite happy, too;
When we perceive such perfect bliss,
We're glad we ne'er prevented this.
We could not hope, had we a voice
To well improve upon the choice;
'Twas wise and mutual as you see
As if arranged by you and me.

And here, I wish to emphasize,
'Tis not like us to criticise,
Besides, it seems to me quite plain
That they are satisfied, the twain,
For in their faces I can read
No sorrow for their cruel deed.
Then we'll forget it, don't you see
And greet them gladly, you and me.

We hope there's lifelong luck in store,
That disappointments nevermore
Will interfere or cause alarm
Or dampen the peculiar charm.
And we, the shock can't always last,
We'll overlook the sordid past,

And smile with pure unstinted glee
And say God bless them, you and me.

If it was ours to plan the way
We'd make it one long summer's day.
We'd see that every passing cloud
Would have a rainbow for a shroud,
That flowers in profusion bloom,
And harmony and gladness loom,
We can but wish it so to be,
With loyal hearts, both you and me.

AN IDEAL DAY.

A morning in the springtime
The distant sunrise clear,
And odor of early blossoms
Scenting the atmosphere.

A noontime in midsummer
The beauty of the field,
And varied ripened fruitage,
Surrendering its yield.

An evening in the autumn
Tinged with the sunset hue,
The many flaming colors,
Twilight and falling dew.

JUST LIKE ME.

It's strange how many people are
Just like me,
You'll find them here and everywhere
Just like me;
They worry over trifling things,
Keep nourishing the fear that stings
And wonder what tomorrow brings,
Just like me.

They can't decide twixt modes and makes
 Just like me,
And very frequent make mistakes
 Just like me;
Sometimes they cannot see the sun
Because of curtains they have spun
And then regret what they have done,
 Just like me.

They often weary of their work
 Just like me,
Feel very much inclined to shirk
 Just like me;
They make some flimsy, flat excuse
And absolutely do refuse
To do a thing, but sit and muse
 Just like me.

DIFFICULTIES.

I've always noticed that success
Is mixed with trouble more or less,
Too oft the man who does his best
Receives more kicks than all the rest.

If one is seeking a career,
The crowd don't always loudly cheer;
I would not openly divulge
Expressions in which they indulge.

Sometimes when one is near the top,
Conditions change, which cause a stop,
Or may be climbing to renown
When someone knocks the ladder down.

If one desires to carve a name
Upon the tablet-stone of fame,
He must invariably contend
With arguments from foe and friend.

I do not like to criticise
The way folks do who're great and wise,
But somehow I can't understand
Why we withhold a helping hand.

"WRITE THE FAULTS UPON THE SAND."

Too small a world, too brief the span,
To cherish hate 'twixt man and man,
Too short the life, too near the end
To deal with any save as friend;
Why censure then, for each has strayed,
Why point to wrong, for all have failed;
Instead, with ever-ready hand,
Just write the faults upon the sand.

Go seek the noble, find the good,
Uphold the truth for which men stood,
Forget that somewhere in their life
They proved unequal to the strife,
And somehow in the battle lost,
With awful consequence and cost,
And with a kind forgiving hand
Just write the faults upon the sand.

Is there someone, some valued friend
Whose life denoted downward trend,
Whom you would help without delay
And rescue safe from danger's way?
Alas! you stood devoid of speech
And saw them drift beyond your reach,
Yet shun them not, extend thy hand,
And write the faults upon the sand.

With hope and fear you plead in vain
For righteous life, but saw with pain
The evil grow, the good decline,
But keener was their test than thine—

Along your path was never known
The tempter's snares so winning shown,
In pity then give them thy hand,
And write the faults upon the sand.

Chide not the one who went astray
The weary falt'ring by the way,
Their's may have been a harder lot,
With sorrows tried, where you were not,
And burdens oft too great to bear
The weight of which you did not share,
Then haste to lend a helping hand,
And write the faults upon the sand.

Do not condemn your fellow-man,
You do not know how well he ran,
You do not know the fight within,
The struggle made to conquer sin,
You only saw him fail and fall,
Think not that then you knew it all,
Go lift him up with gentle hand,
And write the faults upon the sand.

Perchance the world would brighter be
And life hold greater joy for thee,
More flowers bloom along the way
More hope and courage, fill each day ;
More real peace to thine own mind
More real good in others find ;
If only just with willing hand
You'll write the faults upon the sand.

Remember only that which gives,
More love for souls, a love that lives,
A love that hopes, that can inspire,
And stand the test of foe and fire—

Wherein I failed to do my part,
Forgive the lack, with tender heart
In charity, give me your hand
And write my faults upon the sand.

THE RAINBOW. .

Lo! yonder rainbow tints the sky
Hope instills and clouds defy,
It girds the earth with silent tread
And gilds the heavens overhead;
Calm portending, and harmony blending,
While radiant beauty inspires to duty.

Along the way divinely lead,
Our lives may glow and radiance shed,
Reflecting goodness all around,
Revealing truth with certain sound;
One grand unfolding, and constant striving,
To win the noblest and gain the highest.

HELEN ELIZABETH ALLISON.

(Infant Niece of the Author.)
On Monday, June the second,
There came a little guest,
Who neither pays nor labors,
Yet gets the very best;
Allisons' call her charming,
Every endearing name,
And I confess quite willing
We all feel just the same.

She rules the home completely
With magic power and ease,
Has everybody striving
Her very wish to please;

She does not force obedience,
Or utter one command;
Yet keeps the household busy
Supplying her demand.

As days and years speed onward
We gaze into the mist,
And trust with heaven's guiding
All evil she'll resist;
Her future life develop
Those noble traits of worth,
And radiate the goodness
That makes a better earth.

RETROSPECTION.

There may be tall, obnoxious weeds
Upon your neighbor's lot,
A growth that makes it look like some
Neglected desert spot;
Before you advertise the fact
Or speak in disregard,
Deliberately stop and take
A peek at your back yard.

No doubt there is across the way
Some spots of dust and grime,
That is a menace to the eye,
A grievance all the time;
Be not unkind in your remarks
Of hasty words beware,
Lest on your doorstep there is found
The need of special care.

There may be some whose manners are
Not perfect in your sight,
Their moral conduct and ideals
Not what you think is right;

Before you magnify the fact,
Be certain in your mind
That in your life is never found,
A streak of the same kind.

Perchance upon a passing face
You notice discontent,
Perhaps a frown upon the brow
Unyielding as cement;
But e're you censure that grave look,
Just pause and think awhile,
See that your visage always wears
A real wholesome smile.

There may be those whose courage fail
When tempted to say no,
Who are imperfect in their walk
And falter as they go;
Be not too ready to condemn,
Perhaps in looking back
You'll find some place where it is best
To cover up your track.

INTROSPECTION.

As daily in this busy world
You mingle with the mass,
Perchance that some don't measure up
To what you think is class;
Withhold your taunts, nor heap rebuke
Upon their heads for that,
And note the motive that controls
The man beneath your hat.

Among the many sons of men
Are those whose lives confirm
The lack of sturdy, real worth,
And want of strength affirm;

Be not too hasty to condemn,
Or o'er their failings gloat,
Just pause and calmly interview
The man within your coat.

Upon the earth are sometimes found
The birds of stealth and prey,
Whose plumage fair conceals their greed
And habits ne'er betray;
Before you criticise, be sure
That none but harmless doves
Find place and favor ever with
The man who wears your gloves.

There may be some who don't possess
The knowledge of the wise,
Nor riches that too often count
In summing up the size;
It is not safe or sane to gage,
Much less indulge in hoots,
Until you fully understand
The man inside your boots.

The only thing in life worth while,
Adorning it with grace,
Is character that helps to make
The world a better place;
True greatness always stands supreme
The test for all the same,
Judge others not, but seek to know
The man who signs your name.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year, alas, is spent,
With all its charms and pleasures lent,
Another year, how sad the thought,
With anxious pain the heart is fraught;

The year whose advent brought good cheer,
Prospective hopes to far and near,
Infused new life in young and old,
And richest gifts it did unfold;
Un-numbered blessings to us brought,
Akin to all; no ill besought;
But kindly bade each one to share,
In common of its bounties rare.
But Ah! with all its glad and cheer,
Was mingled oft the sigh, and tear,
The joyous mirth in sorrow hushed,
And gallant hearts beneath it crushed.
It greeted millions that today
Lie covered by the moldering clay,
A little mound denotes the spot
Of slumbering hosts! one common lot,
Its time is spent, the year is dead,
Henceforth its number is not said.
Its reign in calmness, pomp or rage,
Is only found on history's page.

Time still rolls on, and now the sound
Of the New Year is echoed round,
In mystery wrapped it doth appear,
Unraveled not by sage or seer,
But darkness clothes it in disguise
Till time reveals it to our eyes.
Mayhap to some of us it brings,
Some gladsome pleasure on its wings!
Perhaps it sheaths a fiery dart
That soon will scathe and pierce the heart;
Through flowery vales our paths may wend,
And peace and joy our steps attend.
Perhaps dark clouds of anguish loom,
To snap life's cord and seal our doom.
It matters not for us to know,

What this new year may yet bestow,
'Tis ours to do and live, and be,
What conscience, duty, asks of thee.
We sow and reap just as we go,
If we plant thorns, no flowers grow,
If we sow seed of truth and love,
The fruit we'll reap with joy above,
Then let us live with rightful aim,
The evil shun, the good maintain,
And with this motto ever clear,
Improve each moment, hour and year.

A SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

He who has guided your lives in the past
Will surely continue to keep 'till the last;
Sustain in His goodness, uphold in His might,
And brighten the way with the evening light.

Two and three score years are numbered,
Years that were happily spent;
Each had its measure of burdens,
Its share of joy and content;
Each meant a higher conception
Of life, its beauty and worth;
Constant and truly revealing
The sweetness of heaven on earth.

A page of marvelous credit
Records your journey along;
No blot or sinister discord
Saddening singer or song;
Your faith still firm and unchanging
And fixed on eternity's goal;
Your hope an unmovable anchor,
The safe repose of the soul.

Unlimited wealth of treasures
 You've stored in that home secure,
Where blight and decay can't enter,
 Where all is perfect and pure;
Anon the call of the Master
 Will come to you, one by one,
Bidding you there and rewarding,
 Giving the welcome, "Well done".

EASTER THOUGHTS.

The story of the Easter time,
 And lessons do not cease
To thrill the heart with boundless joy
 And fill the soul with peace;
The cross, the death, the vacant tomb,
 A loving message brings;
Around them cluster truths that stir
 The world to better things.

A living Savior for our need,
 One who can sympathize,
And unto those in bondage say,
 "I bought thy freedom, rise,
Reach out, and up, and ever strive
 To live and do your best;
Bear all with cheer, delight to serve,
 And leave with God the rest".

Oh! may His life and sacrifice
 Be a transcending light,
A power to draw, to lift, to lead,
 And guide us in the right;
Enabling us to overcome
 The doubts, and fears, and gain
A vision of the risen Christ
 Who will our lives sustain.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Amid the busy countless throng
Of human form and face,
That do unceasing onward move
Each one commands a place.

But Oh! how humble, how minute
The place we occupy,
How little does our life concern
The millions passing by.

A frail, dependent living soul
Unconscious of its state,
Defenseless but immortal spark
To meet an unknown fate.

This wondrous world so beautiful
It scans with mute surprise,
And with each day the scene expands
To those untiring eyes.

As years advance and youth and strength
This human form acquires,
The heart is filled with eager hopes
Ambitions and desires.

The journey may be long and tried
By many a piercing dart,
Perhaps life's sun will set at noon
And nip its active part.

It matters little, when we die
And neither how, nor where;
The vital point is, what we did?
How lived, and what we are.

THE FOLKS I USE TO KNOW.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In the distant long ago,
 Old fashioned, I suppose;
For they lived from day to day
In a modest, simple way,
And believed 'twas good to pray
 For the night's repose.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In that carefree long ago,
 Were not up-to-date;
For they never traveled far,
Didn't own a modern car,
Never tried to make or mar,
 Anybody's fate.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In that quiet long ago,
 Won the part they played;
For they knew just where they stood;
Labored for the common good,
Never lurked within the wood
 'Till the top was gained.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In that happy long ago
 Had a real part,
In the moulding of my life,
In the fitting for the strife,
And their memory is rife
 Still within my heart.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In that home-like long ago
 Were of working fond;

Not feebly careless, or proteem
But daily sought the wrong to stem
And their good deeds do follow them
 To the great beyond.

Oh, the folks I use to know
In that pleasant long ago
 Made a better earth ;
By their being true and kind
By their living pure in mind
And in dying leave behind
 Legacies of worth.

With the folks I use to know
In that hallowed long ago
 I would like to be ;
When the evening shadows fall
And I must surrender all,
Answer to the final call,
 In eternity.

WHY.

Why does it demand such care and toil
The planting of seed and tilling of soil?
You must work and work, for countless hours
If you want results in blooming flowers ;
 But you do not need to sow
 If you want just weeds to grow.

Why is it needful early and late
To prune and pamper and cultivate?
To be rewarded in fruit and grain
Means tireless effort and constant strain ;
 But you can omit the cares
 If you want to reap just tares.

Why does the worthy in danger lie
Traits that are noble, languish and die?
The pure can never easy survive,
Good must be nourished to make it thrive;
 But the evil doesn't need
 Any nurture to succeed.

Why does it require dominant will
Enduring patience and care and skill,
In building something of real worth
And making debtors the folks of earth,
 But it's easy for a clown
 To destroy and tear it down.

HOME.

Home is the place where you feel at ease,
Live as you like and do as you please,
Where happiness lingers all the while
And comfort is valued more than style.

Home is the place wherein you reside
With all of the noisy world outside,
Where you can rally and rest and play
After the cares of a busy day.

Home is the place where the atmosphere
Is charged with music of hope and cheer,
Where you like to go and love to be
Within a castle so glad and free.

NOTHING BUT DIAMONDS.

A weary traveler wended his way
Hungry and footsore from the heat of day,
His pack was heavy and his heart was sad
For one contained all the wealth that he had—
The other was crushed with sorrows of years

The weight of the world, its trials and tears;
He sighed as he thought of his pitiful plight
And longed for shelter and food for the night,
When there by the side of the trail he found
A well filled pouch that he seized with a bound.
He eagerly opened it hoping to find
Something to satisfy body and mind,
When lo! in profusion lay at his feet
A wealth of brilliants, but nothing to eat;
In utter despair he lifted his head
Saying, "nothing but diamonds; I want bread".

JACK FROST.

Jack frost comes uninvited
And knows he is not wanted,
He makes no explanation
About the imposition
But in one single visit
Which we can not prohibit
He skulks around and lingers
Until his icy fingers
Have crushed to earth and blighted
All in which we delighted.

BETTER NOT.

Better not pet a bumble-bee
Or fondle a rattlesnake,
They might misjudge your friendly act
To many liberties take.

Better not trust a skulking fox
Or trifle with hungry bears,
They may design to sneak and rob,
By catching you unawares.

Better not speak when you're real mad
You're near a dangerous brink,
You may be sorry by and by
That you didn't take time to think.

Better not waste the fleeting time
Or idly spend hours that fly,
The day is fading fast away,
And the night is drawing nigh.

IS IT.

Is it any wonder
That we fail to find
Anything but trouble
When we feel unkind.

Is it any wonder
When we feel awry,
That we see discomfort
On every face we spy.

Is it any wonder
If our hearts are sad,
That it seems a trial
To see others glad.

Is it any wonder
If we smile and sing,
All the world about us
Has a pleasant ring.

Is it any wonder
If our thoughts are pure,
That we see in others
Morals that endure.

Is it any wonder
 If our lives are right,
That about us glowing
 Is a hallowed light.

For the world is but a mirror
 And performing well its part,
By correctly just reflecting
 The condition of the heart.

PRIVILEGE.

There's difficult places
 So frequent in life,
And moments of testing
 The strength in the strife;
In point of achieving
 Success is not luck;
More often its merely
 Just courage and pluck.

To hope for all pleasure
 We scarcely would ask,
But wisdom to master
 The day's common task;
There's briers and roses,
 Which do we expect?
The yielding is largely
 The kind we select.

There's no certain method
 For carving a name,
And no beacon guiding
 To honor and fame;
Whatever our portion,
 Live up to the best
Ignoring in calmness
 All fear of the rest.

Content we can't purchase
Nor happiness find ;
The secret is wholly
A state of the mind,
If life is belittled
With whimper and whine
Its beauty is bartered
And lost, the Divine.

ONLY A LEAF.

Only a leaf, an autumn leaf,
Withered and faded and brown,
Lifeless and helpless, borne by the breeze,
Noiselessly floating down.
Only a leaf, an autumn leaf
That counts for nothing at all,
Its beauty and value and use
Together lost with its fall.

Only a life, a human life,
Summoned into the dark,
Snatched from the earth ; forever gone,
Is that living vital spark.
Only a life, a human life,
Not missed by the busy world,
But oh, how great the consequence,
How real the afterward.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A century gone, within its folds
The destiny of millions holds ;
The unrecorded deeds and names
Would volumes fill, oblivion claims,
But here is one without a peer,
More lov'd with each receding year.

Time only serves to make him great
And more revered in home and state—
The name of Lincoln.

Not princely birth nor large estate,
Not faultless manner made him great;
But loyal heart, his all to give
That wrong might die and right might live;
For this he sought, and thought, and pray'd,
For this he labored undismay'd;
A king in courage, power and will—
We'll blazon on our banners still,
The name of Lincoln.

Through decades of swift fleeting years,
Through sun and shadow, smiles and tears,
Above the crash of ill dealt blow,
The brutal plot that laid him low,
The nation echoes all around
With mighty force and certain sound;
Though generations rise and fall,
He's still the hero to us all,
Our noble Lincoln.

Canst measure what his life has meant?
Canst weigh its value and extent?
Or multiply the real worth
Of this great legacy to earth?
A type of manhood still at par,
So pure, so strong that naught can mar;
"God, give us men" just such as he
Who'll stand the test and prove to be
Another Lincoln.

THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY.

There is always a way, and it brings good pay,
To be busy with heart and hand,
In moulding and building the structures of worth,
The things that will stay and stand.

There is always a way, and it brings good pay,
To be gentle, and frank, and just,
To scatter the seed, not forgetting the care
And tilling of soil, if you must.

There is always a way, and it brings good pay,
To be patient, and calm, and kind,
To search for the noble, in all whom you see;
Extolling the good that you find.

There is always a way, and it brings good pay,
To be hopeful, and trust and smile,
To fill every page with a record of deeds
That will count for something worth while.

There is always a way, and it brings good pay,
To be cheerful, and brave, and true.
Rise over the gloom, and climb up to the heights—
To their summit; I would, wouldn't you?

REALM OF THE BLEST.

Is there a realm of peace and rest
Where all who dwell therein are blest,
Is there a place, some unknown spot
With toil and trial all forgot?
Where sin and evil is not found
And all is one melodious sound,
Where joy and harmony control
And fills the longings of the soul?
The realm of the blest is just where you are
If of earth's burdens you carry a share.

Is it to have within thy hold
Trophies and gems, and sums of gold,
On gain and greed, thine efforts spent
While phantom fancies feign content?
Is honored place and fragrant cheer
The most appeasing to the ear,
Or is it work with zest and zeal
And open heart to wants appeal;
Be not deceived, the realm of the blest
Is living and loving, doing your best.

What worlds exist beyond the skies
Or realm beyond our planet lies,
I would not search that great unknown
To learn the things God hath not shown,
If the Almighty did conceal,
Not I in weakness can reveal;
I only know that here and there
The same Lord reigneth everywhere,
Fearless and certain I'll echo it still
The realm of the blest, is doing God's will.

Not mine to peer beyond the veil
Seek to unfold, for visions fail,
Enough to know that I'm to share
A home the Master doth prepare;
What there awaits I do not know
Or what reward He will bestow;
I only know, if true to trust
The compensation will be just,
All that He's promised the Lord will fulfill
In the realm of the blest, and care for me still.

2.

ONLY TRY.

If you and I would only try,
Would only place our standard high,
 And strive to win—
How much of sorrow, grief and pain
And needless burdens borne in vain,
 The wage of sin,
Might be removed and in their place
A peaceful calm, each brow would grace,
 And hope within.

If you and I would only try
To do the work that's so nearby,
 And leave the rest,
Content whate'er may be our lot
To serve in palace or in cot
 Nor seek to quest,
But wait in patience for the day
When time reveals that these are they,
 Who did their best.

If you and I would only try
To right the wrong that's ever nigh,
 Betray no guile,
But kindly think, and act, and do,
"As you'd have others do to you",
 And all the while
For justice stand, decisive clear—
What countless woes would disappear,
 And heaven would smile.

If you and I would only try,
To pluck the thorn as we pass by,
 And plant a rose,
A whole earth filled with incense sweet
And better path for weary feet,
 Would soon disclose,

How beautiful the world would be
And what reward to you and me,
No human knows.

If you and I would only try
To know the good that inward lie
In all we see,
For other folk are just the same
And often not as much to blame
As you and me;
Our very heart would throb in prayer
And every selfish motive there,
Would instant flee.

If you and I would only try
To ever lift our King on high,
Bethlehem's star
Would lead again the great and wise,
Till all the nations 'neath the skies
Would see afar,
Peace, heavenly peace, would quickly reign,
"Good will to men" on earth we'd gain
And cease to war.

ANOTHER CANDLE.

There came into my life a soul
Whose presence cheered and lifted,
That like a sunbeam changed the whole;
"Another candle lighted".

There came into my life a friend
Tarried awhile, then vanished,
The shadows lengthened to the end,
A candle was extinguished.

PART II.

GREETINGS ON MARRIAGES.

I would if I could make happiness thine,
A halo of peace around thee entwine,
Remove the dismay and ill you may dread
And gladden your hearts with music instead.

I would if I could make life so complete
So full of success no room for defeat,
No room for the false, the petty and lure,
To hamper the growth and stifle the pure.

I would if I could create guiding light,
Illumine the way of justice and right,
And plant the desire the noble to gain,
The highest to seek and greatest attain.

I would if I could grant fortune and ease,
Supply the good things that readily please,
And better than that contentment bestow,
With friends ever true their kindness to know.

I would if I could prevent clouds to cast
A gloom of despair life's sweetness to blast,
Inspire if they come, to rise to your best
In courage to stand and equal the test.

I would if I could surround thee with good
And magnify truth for which you have stood,
Impressing the worth of humbly to trod
The path leading upward to heav'n and God.

I know not what life holds for thee
That now seems filled with gladness,
Will joy replete and constant be
Or sometimes tinged with sadness;

Will hopes that now your bosom fill
Be realized completely ;
Will coming days be brighter still
And redolent with plenty ?
In vain the quest, none can foretell
What future years will proffer,
And I can only wish you well,
My kindest greetings offer.

If I could weave life's fabric
And fix your guiding star,
I'd make it one of beauty
And let no shadows mar.

Your journey one of pleasure
With oft enchanting scene,
And e'en though clouds may gather
A radiant light between.

Your lives a mutual blending
Of harmonies that swell,
With no discordant echo
Its melody to quell.

Your home the place of comfort
Where peace and joy abound,
Where naught but trust can enter
And only love is found.

If any wish sincere of mine,
Could make your joy secure,
I'd gladly pour on thee and thine
The blessings that endure.

Hence may that love which binds you twain
In ardor never cease,
But constant in its strength remain
And with the years increase.

Content with all but seek the best
Let no defeat alarm,
Make happiness your daily guest
Tranquility your charm.

If days are dark and shadows fall,
And clouds are ling'ring near,
May hope and courage through it all,
Sustain the heart with cheer.

Make life replete with noble deeds,
With thoughts that lift and lend—
More valor to contend with needs
More value in the end.

If I had my wish, I'd have this happy time
Continue untrammel'd in station and clime,
Surround thee with plenty wherever you rest,
Endow thee with all that is noble and best.

If I had my wish, I'd make this golden day
An earnest of rapture that ne'er dies away,
Reverting the echo distinctive and clear,
Prolonging its gladness for many a year.

If I had my wish, though adversity's wave
Dash ruthlessly over the joys that you crave,
Even then may your soul be anchored secure
With power to stand and strength to endure.

If I had my wish, thy day would be light,
A far distant sunset both glorious and bright,
A well finished life with duties complete,
In goodness abounding, in richness replete.

"It's up to you", and serious too
To keep the troth you've plighted,
'Tis easy done when just begun
With hearts and thoughts united,

But holding fast until the last
Requires some extra training,
Yet slight expense and commonsense,
Will make it splendid sailing.

As on you go seek for to know
The true, the good, the noblest,
And choose the right ne'er losing sight,
Of all that's best and purest;
Along the way, fresh every day
Are blessings constant falling,
From heaven's blue just dropping through,
Like sparkling dew-drops shining.

Thus may yours prove a happy move
A future full of beauty
And joyous day when each holds sway,
A life that's more than duty;
Your home the spot with care forgot
And sweet contentment reigneth,
Where rests the dove of peace and love,
And hope and cheer abideth.

With hearty wish and will
I'd like to weave a greeting
So clearly worded till—
You'd not mistake its meaning.

If I could make it so
Your future would be radiant,
Serene like sunset glow,
And freighted with the pleasant.

I'd like your path to strew
With flowers in profusion,
And sprinkle them with dew
Each morning in succession.

Though changes come your way
Be it your sacred portion,
To find with each new day,
Increasing true devotion.

Your aims and efforts spell,
Success in every letter,
And all your hopes as well
Mature without a fetter.

Contentment, though not found,
And not obtained by buying,
Abundant will abound
Where love is always ruling.



The future now hail, with exceeding joy
Like the mirth of a child, with a brand new toy,
As sweet and as pure, as free from all care,
As ever was known a mortal to share.

A joy to increase as the days go by,
That deepens and grows as the seasons fly,
That fills your whole life with bright sunny dreams,
With never a cloud as dark as it seems.



I do not wish that all thy life
May be one constant realm of bliss,
I do not ask that every day
May be as full of cheer as this;
But that contentment rule thy hearts
And love secure the sacred tie,
And that thy home, thy life, thine all
Stand for the best beneath the sky.



Since you've decided it is best
 To link your lives together,
Who ever did the thought suggest
 I think was very clever.

Henceforth united in your aims
 Your efforts undivided,
With all your interests and gains
 By wisdom rightly guided.

And may the future hold in store
 Success and joy untrammelled,
Increasing ever more and more,
 As days and years are counted.

Hence may you ever realize
 Life's blessings in their fullest,
Your fondest longings crystallize
 In all that's best and truest.

Your home a place where happiness
 Rules without limitation,
Where harmony without digress
 Controls the situation.

Fond friends, were it mine to determine
 What the drama of life shall unroll,
What the future holds in its coffer,
 Placing just at your wish and control;
It would mean the good and the lovely,
 An abundance of all that is best;
It would mean the blessing of heaven
 On your dwelling-place ever to rest.

Were it mine to lay out the pathway,
 Choose the scene of your journey each day;
Mark the course of duty and service,
 Set the boundary line of the way;

I'd hedge it profusely with flowers
 Ever blooming, luxurious and sweet;
And with trees whose towering branches
 In a sheltering canopy meet.

Were it mine to order the changes
 That unsolvable mysteries hold;
Fix the height of hope and achievement,
 Paint events that the years will unfold;
I'd make it an ideal blending
 Of the beautiful, noble and pure;
The harmony ever increasing,
 And the happiness ever secure.

Were it mine to furnish the power,
 Supply every requisite need;
To master the trying conditions,
 And in difficult places succeed;
'Twould be wisdom, patience and courage,
 Then devotedly working them out,
With trust in an Almighty leading,
 Yes, a trust without murmur or doubt.

If it were mine to seal a wish
 'Twould be that you might gain
The choicest gifts of earth and heav'n
 Your fondest hopes attain.

If it were mine to pave the way
 And choose the path you tread,
I'd have it smooth, remove the thorn,
 And plant a rose instead.

If it were mine to tint your sky
 I'd make it changeless blue,
And pierce it with the radiant glow
 Of sunlight's matchless hue.

No fitful dreams or vague ideals
Can make your lives sublime,
But constancy that does not wane
Or know the change of time.

Not spacious rooms, and gorgeous walls
Or richly gilded dome,
But love enthron'd alone can make
Your dwelling place a home.

If o'er your lives perchance will come
A cloud of grief or care,
In calm relief, Oh! may you see
The sunbeam also there.

PART III.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD.

Weep, Zion, weep! the sigh, the tear,
The vacant pew, and pulpit near,
In silence tell, a voice is hush'd,
And many hearts with sorrow crushed.

A faithful watchman God had given,
To point the way to Christ and heav'n,
A valiant soldier in the rank,
Devoted, true, persistent, frank.

His work well done, the arms laid down,
He wears today a victor's crown;
One more is numbered with the blest,
Another servant is at rest.

Ye who have oft his counsel heard,
And listened to the preached word,—
Oh pause a moment on your way,
Let solemn thoughts your foot-steps stay.

Do you persist to walk in sin,
God's name disdain, nor blush therein?
Do you reject the Master's call?
Do you deride and scorn it all?

Beside the grave, in earnest pray'r,
Is there no soul filled with despair?
This voice is silent in the tomb,
But God still asks—will you not come?

Hark! 'tis a voice, a gentle touch,
The seed must die that yieldeth much,
And Zion yet will loudly sing
The praises of her Lord and King.

Such was the message, such the call,
In unmistakable note;
The beck'ning voice said "Servant, come,
For thee I will promote".

From earth to heav'n from death to life,
From toil and pain to rest;
And thine the vict'ry; thine the crown,
And home among the blest.

We do not breathe a sad farewell,
Mid tears that ceaseless flow,
But rather hail the dawn of day,
And yonder radiant glow.

Today we can not scale the heights,
Nor see that distant shore,
Where lives this nobleman of God,
In peace forever more.

But forward, onward to the goal,
His admonition heed;
His life and labors emulate,
His hope, his faith, succeed.

A little gem of priceless worth
Entrusted for a while,
To stay the hope and cheer the home
By winning, winsome smile.

Too tender was this little plant
To live 'mid shades and gloom,
Transplanted to its native soil,
'Twill yield eternal bloom.

Today we can't locate the height
Or see that home above,
Where lives the one we cherished so,
In realms of perfect love.

Yet wholly trust in Him who came
Our woes and griefs to bear,
And through the clouds see the bright light,
That leads us, also, there.

Blest is the man who seeketh
Obedience to God's will,
Death's just a revelation
Of life more blessed still.

Again the reaper we call death
No fear or pity had,
But lov'd and loving ones hath claim'd
And homes and hearts made sad.

The one a tender little flow'r
That blossomed for a day,
That charm'd our being, won our love;
That smiled, and then away.

Too fair and beautiful for earth,
Too precious in God's sight,
To dwell 'mid sin and sorrow would
Perhaps, its beauty blight.

The other through maturer years,
Proved by her noble life,
That truth and righteousness will stand,
Defying test and strife.

That smiles and sorrows, tears and joys
Are messengers who serve
To build, unfold, in strength and worth
And hope that cannot swerve.

Oh! may their lives' triumphant close,
Their entrance into rest,
Stir us to effort and desire
To be and do our best.

And though we mourn, yet no despair,
Faith sees the light that glows
Above, beyond and through the clouds
And trusting says, God knows.

There is a time when language
Fails to express the grief,
When silence soothes the sorrow,
Gives solace and relief.

To speak is oft to question
Why was it order'd so?
Why was this life we cherish'd
So suddenly laid low?

A life that faith and duty
Alike claim'd equal part;
Whose kindness and consistence
Appeal'd to every heart.

Through cloudless skies of promise,
When hope was at its best,
There came the final summons
"Come unto Me and rest."

Not hopeless are we mourning
 This constant loyal friend;
Nor doubtful of the halo
 That crown'd her journey's end.

We knew not how or whither,
 Her spirit found its way;
We only know she liveth
 In God's eternal day.

 The voice is hushed
 Fond hopes are crushed,
Loved ones fresh wounds receiving;
 We question why
 That he should die,
And leave so many grieving,
 God knoweth best,
 And gave him rest.

 Born from above,
 Filled with God's love,
With life, his mission ended;
 Hearts that were sad,
 Were oft made glad,
By sympathy extended.
 God knoweth best
 And gave him rest.

 The truth he sought,
 And set at naught
The world, for heavenly treasure;
 Working with might
 A power for right,
No human mind can measure.
 God knoweth best
 And gave him rest.

We miss the smile
So free from guile,
That cheering word, far-reaching;
And voice the sound
Of praise profound,
For all his noble teaching.
God knoweth best
And gave him rest.

A step away
In endless day,
Beyond earth's cares, he liveth;
The hope made sure,
The peace secure,
That peace the Master giveth.
God knoweth best
And gave him rest.

How vain the hopes, and frail the ties
That bind us to the earth,
The bonds of love are rent as naught
And tears suppress the mirth.

We long for peace, and look for joy,
And fond ambitions crave;
One cruel stroke, and all is lost,
Secreted in the grave.

Another friend is called away,
Another warning had,
Another home made desolate,
And other hearts made sad.

A little span, a few short years,
An atom, it would seem;
We realize with keen regret,
That "life is but a dream."

Ah yes! a dream; but pause, my soul;
Beyond this little sphere,
Eternal weight, eternal doom,
Rests on the actions here.

A life so beautiful, so pure,
A character that could endure,
A conduct that will bear to trace
Its every act, and naught efface;
A Christian faithful to the end
Such as the Master doth commend;
A life whose influence we feel
Whose death leaves wounds that cannot heal.

If we but could prolong her day,
With loving hands that arrow stay;
If loyal hearts had only pow'r
To spare the sorrow of this hour;
Alas! for human efforts fail,
And hopes and pray'rs could not avail,
Helpless we cry and search for light,
For earth reveals but darkest night.

A mystery too deep to solve,
A cloud through which no rays evolve;
A season when we cannot see,
A time when silence seems to be
The only thing that brings relief
The only remedy for grief;
When none but God can touch the heart
And He alone can peace impart.

And as this spirit wing'd its flight,
Oh! may we recognize Thy might;
Thy judgments and Thy mercies stand,
And all is safe within Thy hand;

Since Thou hast fitted in Thy love,
For her a dwelling place above,
And taken home this cherish'd one,
Help us to say "Thy will be done."

We grope in darkness when we try
To understand the reason why;
"Lead kindly light," lead thou the way,
Transform this chaos into day;
With spirits crush'd beneath the blow
Yet dauntless faith help us to know
That out of trials triumphs come,
And then to say "Thy will be done."

I saw a flower in beauty rare,
Its fragrance sweet was everywhere;
It filled the saddened heart with joy,
No thorn to pierce or hope destroy.
I saw it bloom in colors bright,
I saw its beauty changed to blight,
I saw it wither, fade and die,
Forever lost to human eye:
Such was thy life most worthy friend,
Which death so soon hath marked its end,
In all its hope, in all its bloom,
Enclosed within that narrow tomb,
Not like the flower there to be
Through ages of eternity;—
Again to rise to life more blest,
To happiness, to home and rest.

A little shorter journey
A little earlier rest,
A little sooner entered
The haven of the blest.

We planned for years of pleasure
For service rendered here,
God chose to call her yonder
To a more glorious sphere.

Triumphant o'er earth's sorrows
We know not how or where,
We only know she liveth
Still in the Master's care.

In solemn thought and voice suppressed
I ask can it be best,
That one so active, so beloved
Is early called to rest.

A life so noble, pure and good,
None knew her but to love,
Is lost to us but still exists
In higher realms above.

Loved ones now left in anguish sore
Fond hearts that grief doth rend,
With you I shed a silent tear
And mourn a cherished friend.

Our faith extends beyond the tomb
That sheathes the mortal clay,
And sees the bright and glorious dawn
Of yon eternal day.

Is kindness a trait of merit?
Has service a place on earth?
Is duty well done of value?
Has constancy weight and worth?
Is charity nobly acted
A quality to admire?
Is character pure and ideal
The sum of what we desire?

Do these form a life of beauty
The potent, real, sublime,
Measuring up to a standard
Worthy of effort and time?
Then pause and offer thanksgiving
For the help, the lift and gain,
Inspired by her noble being,
Those virtues strive to attain.

'Twas noon, life's noon, calm and serene
No clouds to mar the beauteous scene,
Pure as the dawn, bright as the day
Cans't thou picture a heart more blithe and gay.

Beloved by all, most worthy friend
True and unfaltering to the end,
Alas that grief this life should blight
And change its sunshine into night.

Kind friends to love, kind hearts to plead
Kind hands supplying every need,
But all in vain the shadows grew
And darker, denser, nearer drew.

A few short days and life had fled
The one so loved to us, is dead,
But liveth yet safe in the Hand
That lead her through to Canaan's strand.

Weep not for her, in silence bow
Though dark and drear it seemeth now,
Lift up your eyes and through the gloom
Behold bright sunbeams hither loom.

Mourn not for her whose song is joy
Eternal bliss without alloy,
Cast all your care in each dark spell
On Him "who doeth all things well".

In a garden of choicest flowers,
 Bloomed one most surpassingly fair,
Its beauty and fragrance was pleasing
 As it waved in the summer air.

By a chilly blast of the Autumn
 The flower's endurance was tried,
The delicate blossom was stricken
 It drooped, and withered, and died.

Just so our dear little Gurtha
 With her pleasant and winning smile,
Whose life was a beautiful blossom
 That was given for one short while.

Alas that a life so beloved
 Should perish in early years,
Alas that a future of promise
 Is a hope now silenced in tears.

But unlike the flower that faded,
 And never to be revived,
Its value now over and vanished,
 The beauty we fondly admired.

Again in most radiant splendor
 She liveth beyond earthly cares,
And free from its woes and its sorrows
 The home of the blessed she shares.

The home's a broken circle
 One loved has reached the end,
While some have lost a brother
 We all have lost a friend;
A friend that stood for something
 That vanish'd not with breath,
A pow'r for righteous living
 Not silenced by grim death.

A life like fragrant blossoms
That permeates the air,
Diffusing joy and gladness
Around it everywhere,
Whose words and deeds were constant
Who did the truth uphold,
Whose noble Christian graces,
Were rich and manifold.

I know not why God summoned
So early to the grave,
And to Himself called yonder
So soon the life He gave?
I only know that ever
And whether here or there,
He's still the "child of promise"
Within His boundless care.

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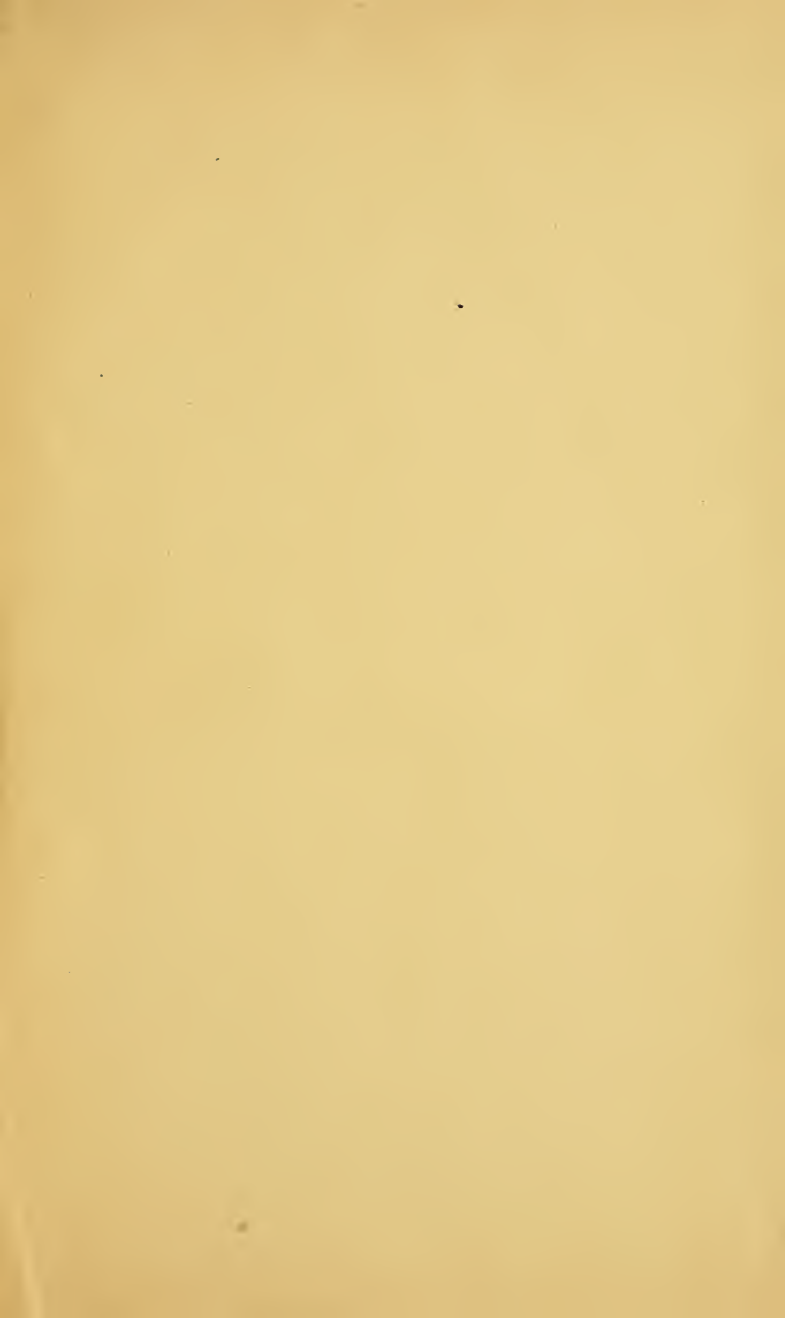
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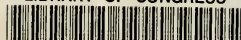
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